

# BRADFORD OPINION.

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## THE OPINION

Published every Saturday,  
BY BEN F. STANTON.

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ORDINARY ADVERTISEMENTS taken at the rate of \$1.00 per square one insertion, and 25 cents each subsequent insertion. One inch space is a square.

DEATH AND MARRIAGE NOTICES inserted free.

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BEN F. STANTON.

Publisher Opinion, Bradford, Vermont.

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MISS CHARLOTTE NELSON,

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### Rock Me to Sleep.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight!  
Make me a child again, just for to-night;  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore—  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of the years,  
I am so weary of toils and of tears—  
Till without recompense—tears all in vain—  
Take me and give me to my childhood again.  
There grows weary of dust and decay,  
Nourish me like a mother my soul's wealth away—  
Wary of sinning by soul's wealth away—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blissful and faded—our faces between—  
Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again!  
Come from the silence so long and so deep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,  
No love like a mother's love ever has shown—  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.  
None like a mother's love ever has shown—  
From the sick soul and world-weary brain:  
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—  
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—  
For when, in sunny-edged shadows once more,  
Happily will through the sweet visions of yore,  
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long,  
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—  
Sing them, and unto me it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been but a dream:  
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,  
With your light locks just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

The following, which sufficiently explains itself, is from a Chicago correspondent:

While several gentlemen were sitting in the bar room of one of our hotels a few days ago, one of them, being a Chicago man, was, of course, boasting of the superiority of Chicago over any other spot in the world. Finally, he claimed that it was the healthiest city in the world (notwithstanding the large delegation of her citizens who are annually obliged to visit the Arkansas Hot Springs), and said that the "death rate" was smaller than that of any other city. At this point an individual, evidently from the country, and evidently much intoxicated also, joined in the conversation, thusly:

"W-well, d-dont you know er-reason mo' folks don't die'n Chicago?" The Chicago man said he supposed it was because of the salubrity of the air. "N-no" responded the inebriated party shaking his head, with a very wise look: "er reason mo' folks don't die'n Chicago is hell is so full u-to room for 'em!"

There was a pause in the conversation, and somehow I thought just then of the old proverb, "In vino veritas."

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

REV. L. H. ELLIOTT, PASTOR. SERVICES at 10:30 A. M., and 5 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST E. SOCIETY.

REV. J. M. C. FULTON, PASTOR. SERVICES at 10:30 A. M., and 6:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

MASONIC MEETINGS.

CHARITY LODGE, NO. 42, REGULAR Communications on Wednesday of the week in which the moon falls. Mr. LEONARD R. A. CHAPTER. Meetings on Wednesday afternoon of the week in which the moon falls. BRADFORD LODGE, NO. 11. Meetings at Masonic Hall on Wednesday afternoon of the week in which the moon falls. In the month of September, December, March and June.

EAST CORINTH.

J. K. DARLING,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, EAST CORINTH, Vermont.

L. P. POSTER,

HOTEL, FLOUR AND GRAIN MILL, Best of Flour and Grain constantly on hand.

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TIN SHOP, STOVES, TIN WARE, IRON WARE, Wooden Ware, &c. All kinds of Job work neatly done.

COBBLERS & ROGERS,

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, READY Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, &c. Largest stock in Eastern part of Orange County.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. L. BIXBY,

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS, CHELSEA, Vt. Open Mondays Thursdays and Saturdays.

E. L. BOOTHBY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FAIRLEE, Vt. Resides in permission to Dr. Carter and Doty, Bradford, Vt., and to Dr. Foster, Hanover, N. H.

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STAR HALL, ELY, VT. LARGE AND well fitted up for accommodation of Dances and all kinds of entertainments. Let at reasonable rates.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, West Fairlee, Vt. Office with Judge Underwood.

R. M. HARVEY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, West Topsham, Vt.

### "ADOPTED."

"It's very strange," muttered Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving to gather the wreath of scarlet autumn leaves with which she was decorating her broad-brimmed straw hat.

She made a beautiful picture, sitting there all alone in the mellow glow and color of the October woods, the crimson shawl drooping from her shoulders, and the sunshine lighting up her bright auburn curls with glittering threads of gold, while up on the fallen tree-trunk that formed her impromptu seat, lay a tiny bunch of grasses and autumnal flowers. She was transparently fair, with purple tangles of veins in each waxen temple, and a faint pink on her cheeks, while her eyes, large and brown, seemed to look at you with the grave, tender expression of an infant.

"Yes, it is very strange," went on Miss Penroy, musing within herself. "I know so little about him—I have only known him ten days—yet when he spoke about leaving Elm Point last night, it seemed as if all the sunshine were going out of the world for me. O, Blanche! naughty, naughty little Blanche!" she added, leaning forward, and apostrophizing the fair face mirrored in the glen stream at her feet. "Is it possible that you've allowed yourself to fall in love with that tall, black-eyed young Southerner? Ten days ago I had never seen him—and now!"

The roses mounted up into her cheek as she wondered within herself whether Mr. Evering cared for her.

"I wish I knew!" she uttered aloud.

"Knew what?" demanded a calm voice, and Mr. Gilbert Evering took up the bunch of grasses on the log, and coolly seated himself beside her,—a straight, handsome man, with brilliant dark glowing through his olive skin.

Blanche demurely looked up at him—she was not to be taken by storm thus easily.

"Whether it would rain to-morrow, for our picnic I want to wear my white Indian muslin!"

"O,—the picnic; I had forgotten that, when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though, my presence or absence will make no great difference."

Blanche was silent. Somehow that scarlet and brown-spotted maple leaf required a great deal of adjustment in the ribbon of her hat.

"Blanche—shall I go or stay?"

"Just as you please, Mr. Evering, of course."

"No; just as somebody else pleases. Yes or No! And I forewarn you, the yes means a great deal."

"How much does it mean?" questioned Blanche, half archly, half timorously.

"Everything!"

"Then you may stay!"

"My Blanche—my little daisy!"

he whispered bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October dell she had turned a new page in the book of her life!

She was very, very happy, and all that day she seemed to be walking through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings, alas! that shadow should always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I'm not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche," said Gilbert, in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for her, amid the merry tumult of the picnic grounds, "but I do think you've waltzed quite often enough with that confounded puppy, Birmingham!"

"Jealous already, Gilbert?" taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible instincts of coquetry. She colored crimson.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Blanche; only I warn you, it's a choice between Walter Birmingham and me. You dance with him again at your own risk!"

At the same instant young Birmingham came up.

"May I have the pleasure of this Polka with you, Miss Penroy?"

And Blanche, defiant, and wilful, and a little piqued, answered:

"Yes!"

And glided away with her plump hand on Walter Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert had no business to be so unreasonable!

His grave, stern face rather startled her as she came again to the rustic seat of twisted boughs, when the string-band music was silent, and Mr. Birmingham had gone to bring her a glass of iced lemonade.

"Gilbert! why do you look so cross?"

"Because I have reason. I am sorry you pay so little attention to my wishes, Miss Penroy!"

She drew herself up haughtily.

"You are beginning to dictate early sir!"

"Have I not the right?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. Evering."

"Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deep the arrow rankled in his bosom. "I give up the right now and henceforward."

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing towards her, and when next she had leisure to look round, Gilbert was gone from her side.

"What have I done?" she thought in dismay. "I'll see him this evening and coax him into good humor once more. He surely can't be vexed at me for an idle word like that."

Ah, little Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentence that does all the harm in this world—it is the idle word!

"Such a charming day as we have had, Mrs. Traine," said Blanche, as she came up the steps of the hotel piazza, as smiling and radiant as if the worm, remorse, was not gnawing at her heart.

"That, of course," said the blooming matron, who was reading in an easy chair under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry?"

"Sent him away?"

"Yes—by the evening train. He came home, packed his things, and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry; we shall miss him so much."

Blanche went slowly up-stairs and sat down by her window, looking out at the purple glow of the evening landscape as if it were a featureless blank. So he was really gone away; and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Evering's love.

"And I cannot even write to him, for I do not know his address," she thought, with clasped hands and tearful eyes. "Well, it is my own fault, and I must abide the consequences as best I may."

So Blanche Penroy went home from the gay summer lounging place a sadder and a wiser woman; and the November mists drooping over the brick-and-mortar wilderness of her New York home, had never seemed half so dreary to her as they seemed now!

"I suppose I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, walking up and down the fire-lit darkness of her twilight drawing-rooms, with her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist.

"I never care for any one now as I cared for—Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep a cat, and grow fond of green tea, and scandal, and sewing circles! Ah, well-a-day! life cannot last forever!"

A dreary comfort that for a girl of nineteen summers.

She rang the bell with an impatient clerk.

"Are there any letters, Sander-son?"

"One, ma'am; it came by the evening post about five minutes ago."

"Light the gas, then, and give it to me."

Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter suppressing a yawn.

"Black edged—and black-sealed! So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at last!"

It was from the executors of Miss Penroy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place in one of the West India Islands some months since; but of which the "melancholy news," as the letter ran, had not just been received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had for some years been slowly fading out of the world, a victim to hereditary consumption.

"Leaving one child, a son," slowly repeated Blanche, leaning her cheek on her hand, and looking down

into the fiery quiver of the white-hot coals. "Poor little fellow! he must feel nearly as desolate and alone as I do! Only I have one advantage—I have at least a sufficiency of this world's goods; and this orphaned child must be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with the poverty-stricken lawyer whose death plunged her into this bitter mourning. That was a genuine love-match, yet how much grief and trouble it brought with it, leaving one child—a son! Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him? I have no object in existence; here is one that Providence itself seems to point out to me."

Once more she rang the bell, with fresh color glowing in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes.

"Bring in my writing-desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post for me as soon as possible."

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress's unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of her old animation returning.

"She do look more like herself to-night, do Miss Blanche, than she has for a long time," he said to the housekeeper, as he came down stairs after obeying her summons. "I only wish Miss Blanche would take a fancy to some nice, proper behaved young man; it don't seem no how right that she should live all by herself in this big house, so forlorn like."

The housekeeper nodded sagaciously to all Mr. Sanderson's propositions. She fully agreed with him. "Only Miss Blanche was too willful ever to hear a word of advice."

It was a very simple and unobscured letter that Blanche Penroy wrote to her far-away cousin's executors from the fullness of her heart.

"I shall never marry now," she wrote, "and it seems to become my plainly indicated duty to undertake the care of this orphan child of Mrs. Marchmont's. With your approval, therefore, I propose to adopt him, and endeavor, as far as is in my power, to supply the place of his lost mother. You may at first deem me rather young to undertake so grave and serious a responsibility, but I was nineteen last month, and I am very, very much older in thought and feeling than my years. Of course at my death, the child will inherit the property which was left me by my deceased parents."

"I hope my cousin's executors are like the nice, white-headed old lawyers one reads about in novels," said Blanche to herself as she folded the little perfumed sheet of pink paper, "and not cross old fudges, talking of 'expediency' and 'appropriateness'; for I do so much want somebody to love and care for; and somehow I've a sort of premonition that this little fellow will be nice and rosy and lovable. I think I'll teach him to call me 'auntie.'"

Just a week subsequently, a prim, legal note was received from Messrs. Alias & Corpus, the deceased lady's executors, stating that "they saw no valid objection to Miss Penroy's very laudable projects, and that, in accordance thereto, the child of the late Mr. Marchmont would arrive at Miss Penroy's residence on the following Saturday night."

"Saturday night—and this is Friday," ejaculated Blanche, with new brightness dancing in her hazel eyes. "O how glad I shall be! Sanderson, tell Mrs. Brown to have the blue room fitted up immediately for Master Marchmont, and you had better go yourself to the depot with the carriage, at five to-morrow afternoon, to meet him."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sanderson, stolidly. The apparition of a great unruly boy tramping with muddy boots on the velvet carpets and haunting the house with ball and marbles, and lung-splitting halloos did not possess the charm to Sanderson's eyes that it seemed to for his mistress. And even patient Mrs. Brown remarked with a species of exasperation, that she didn't see what put this freak into Miss Blanche's head!

Saturday was a day of hail and tempest, and softly-falling snow, and five o'clock the drawing-rooms were lighted and the crimson silk curtains closely drawn, to exclude the stormy darkness without. Six times within the last fifteen minutes had Blanche Penroy looked at her watch, as she stood by the fire waiting to hear the returning carriage

wheels. She was dressed in a rich China-blue silk dress, with pearlpin and ear-drops, and a little point lace at her throat and wrists, and the color in her cheeks and the golden glimmer in her bright hair made her, unconsciously, very fair to look upon.

"O, I hope—I hope he will like me," thought Blanche, with that instinctive yearning that comes to every woman's heart, as the door opened.

"Here's the young gentleman, Miss," said Sanderson, with a half-suppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

But instead of a child of seven or eight years old, a tall apparition stalked in, something over six feet high, with a black moustache, and merry hazel eyes brimming over with mirth. For an instant Blanche stared at him as if she could scarcely credit the evidence of her own senses.

"Gilbert!"

"Exactly. You wanted to adopt me, and here I am."

"No, but Gilbert—"

"Yes, but Blanche!"

"You are not Mrs. Marchmont's son."

"I am—by her first marriage. And although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me, I am quite willing to be adopted—particularly as you are not married to Walter Birmingham."

Blanche struggled between tears and laughter, uncertain which could best express her feelings, but Gilbert Evering drew her tenderly toward him.

"If you adopt me, dearest it must be for life. Nay, do not hesitate—our happiness has already been too much at the mercy of trifles. You will not retract your offer?"

"Well—after all," said Blanche, demurely, "all I wanted was somebody to love and care for, and—"

"And I shall do very well in that capacity, eh?"

And Sanderson, who had been listening diligently at the door, crept down stairs to inform Mrs. Brown that "they were going to have a new master!"

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND. A few evenings before the battle of Culloden, there were gathered in the apartments of the Pretender, at Inverness, a few of his friends, for the purpose of playing at cards. In the course of the evening